

THAW MORE HOPEFUL

Prisoner Has Long Conference with His Wife.

WILL NOT CALL ALIENISTS

Defense Expects Lunacy Commission to Be Discharged by Wednesday and the Trial Resumed—Plan Fight Against Admitting Testimony of Dr. Hamilton—Hartridge in Charge.

New York, March 31.—Lawyer Daniel O'Reilly, one of the counsel in the defense of Harry K. Thaw, made the rather startling announcement to-day that the plan of the defense was not to call any of their alienists before the lunacy commission, consisting of David McClure, Peter B. Olney, and Dr. Leopold Putzel, when the commission resumes its inquiry on Tuesday.

O'Reilly predicted that the commission would refuse to take testimony from Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton on the ground that his knowledge in the matter was too remote. Dr. Hamilton is the authority in lunacy who testified that Thaw was a paranoiac and his case was incurable. It was as a result of this testimony that Judge Fitzgerald adjourned the trial and appointed the commission in January.

Harry Thaw had a conference for two hours in the Tombs this afternoon with his wife, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. He told her that he was confident that the commission would decide he was sane and that the trial would proceed. Thaw also saw Clifford W. Hartridge, one of his lawyers, and the one in absolute control of the present proceedings before the lunacy commission.

"The defense will offer no witnesses before the commission," said Lawyer O'Reilly. "We will not call any of our seven alienists, although we are aware of the fact that District Attorney Jerome has secured the promise of the commission to hear his alienists on the three points of issue. That is the writings of Thaw, especially the J. Dennison Lyon letters; the evidence in the trial, and the observations of his alienists in court."

Alienists Not to Be Called.
Mr. O'Reilly said that Drs. Gregory, Pilgrim, and White, who had been called by the defense and whose affidavits were not as yet submitted, would not be called. He said that their evidence would not be needed and they would not be examined, as they had not examined the defendant.

That Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton would not be called before the commission was the opinion of lawyer O'Reilly. He said that Dr. Hamilton had not examined Thaw since July, and therefore his testimony or knowledge would be too remote. Mr. O'Reilly stated that it was the opinion of the lawyers for the defense that the commission would complete their inquiry by Tuesday evening and in all probability would be able to announce their decision by Wednesday at the latest.

District Attorney Jerome stated that he thought Mr. O'Reilly and his colleagues in the defense were assuming too much in predicting that the commission would have completed their work by Tuesday night. Mr. Jerome thinks the inquiry will last for some days longer, and he feels confident that the commission will hear Dr. Hamilton. Other than this, the district attorney refused to discuss the case today.

The visit of Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw to the Tombs to-day was unusual. To do so it was necessary for her to obtain from Commissioner of Correction John V. Coggesey a special permit. Mr. Coggesey granted it when Mrs. Thaw explained that she had been unable to see much of her husband during the week and that she wanted to be with him some time on Easter Sunday. Commissioner Coggesey went to the Tombs himself and remained there during the time that Mrs. Thaw was with her husband.

Visits Husband on Easter.
Before leaving the Tombs, Mrs. Thaw told her representative that there was no significance attached to her visit. She said that she wanted to visit with her husband on Easter.

"Harry is very cheerful, and feels confident that the commission will decide in his favor," said Mrs. Thaw.

Mrs. Thaw looked exceptionally pretty to-day. She was dressed in a plain, brown, tailor-made suit. She wore a flat round hat of black straw, such as women wear in riding costume. Her veil was white, and a very heavy one. She looks just a little pale, and her expression is a sad one. She said she felt quite well. The trip to and from the Tombs was made in the electric hansom that Mrs. William Thaw, mother of the prisoner, uses in going to and from the courthouse.

A story has been going the rounds to the effect that Thaw made considerable money in the recent rise in the stock market. Mrs. Thaw said that this story was made out of the whole cloth. Harry, she said, has not been in the market since he went to the Tombs, and devoted all of his time to working over his own case.

Thaw to-day deviated from his usual custom, and attended the special Protestant Easter services conducted in the Tombs Chapel by Rev. Mr. Sanders. A special choir and orchestra was engaged for the service to-day. Thaw seemed to enjoy greatly the music and the remarks of the minister.

Thaw told his wife and Lawyer Hartridge that he was quite well satisfied with the showing he made when before the lunacy commission.

REV. CHARLES H. PARKS DEAD.

Former Chaplain in United States Navy Passes Away.

New York, March 31.—Rev. Charles H. Parks, formerly a chaplain in the United States navy, died to-day in the parish house of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, in West Farm.

He was fifty-two years old, having been born in New York City in 1855. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier College in this city in 1874, and ordained after study in St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., in 1883.

As chaplain of the Brooklyn, he saw fighting in the Spanish-American war. Ever since his withdrawal from the navy he had been rector of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Insane Student Under Guard.
Stanford, Conn., March 31.—Stuart Blackie, the East Orange, N. J., law student who became insane on a Boston excursion yesterday and tried to leap off, remains at Dr. Barnes' sanitarium, and his condition is improving. It was said at the sanitarium to-night that he had not been under observation long enough for the physicians to decide definitely upon his case. A brother of Blackie called at the sanitarium to-day.

Reds Lose Again.
Dallas, Tex., March 31.—The Cincinnati National League team proved easy for the Texas Leaguers to-day. A good Sunday crowd witnessed the game. The score: Reds, 1; Blues, 0.

RAIN AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Boardwalk Practically Deserted, but Hotels All Crowded.

Atlantic City, March 31.—Like a dripping, furred flag, Atlantic City, with 125,000 visitors within its borders, to-day appeared drooping and deserted, and the annual Easter parade furnished a sharp contrast to the magnificent pageants of former seasons. Within two days the population of the resort has been greatly increased by an influx from all parts of the country, and last night more visitors were packed in the city than at any time during the midsummer rush.

It was a memorable night in the history of the resort. Thousands, unable to obtain accommodations of any sort, and this in a city that, with the exception of New York, has more hotels than any other in the United States, packed into late trains running for Philadelphia.

For those who remained the night was one wild frolic that even the police could not restrain, and which lasted until day-break. Several hundred students of the University of Pennsylvania had come down here yesterday to attend the two preliminary performances of the college theatrical organization, the Mask and Wig Club. This is a yearly custom, but yesterday an unusually large number came down.

After the night performance the students spread over the boardwalk in groups, taking possession of all the cafes. At midnight a detachment of forty students swung into Old Vicenza cafe, rah-rah-rah-ing to raise the rafters.

Until 3 o'clock in the morning the students remained there. Then the manager asked everybody to go out. A small-sized riot broke out, students refusing to leave, and when the management sent for the lone policeman who patrols that part of the boardwalk, they overturned tables, broke chairs, and hurled steins and glasses at the waiters. When the police appeared they hurled pretzels and chunks of bread at him, and it was only by drawing his revolver that the officer cleared the room.

From their standpoint the students, however, beat a glorious retreat, for in their excitement they did not wait to exit by doors, but went via windows, carrying several sashes with them. When they finally departed the place was literally wrecked, damages amounting to several thousand dollars having been done.

MILLIONAIRE ENDS HIS LIFE

George B. Boswell, Art Connoisseur, Shoots Himself Before a Mirror.

Nervous Breakdown, Followed by Despondency—Killed Members of Family to Commit Suicide.

Pittsburg, March 31.—George B. Boswell, fifty-two years old, a retired business man, art connoisseur, and millionaire, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head at the East Liberty station of the Pennsylvania Railroad last evening. A nervous breakdown, the causes of which are surrounded in mystery, is believed to have prompted the deed.

Boswell, who lived with his wife and three children at 827 Sheridan avenue, in the exclusive Highland Park district, had been despondent for some time and a few days ago his ailment took a turn toward suicidal mania, and he was carefully watched.

A yesterday afternoon he managed to elude members of his family and went to a hardware store where he purchased a revolver.

A short time later Boswell walked into the station and seemingly impelled by some freak of sensationalism, he walked over to a mirror and stood looking at his reflection for a moment. Suddenly he pulled back his hat, and drawing his revolver, fired a bullet into his right temple.

Two negro porters were in the room at the time, but the deed was done so quickly that they had no time to interfere. Boswell was hurried to the Pittsburg Hospital, where it was found that the bullet had penetrated the brain, and he died.

Boswell was one of the best known business men in Pittsburg. At the time of his death he was one of the largest stockholders and a director of the Sterling Paint and Glass Company, and was largely interested in other paying concerns.

NEW SPELLERS TO MEET.

Prominent Educators and Literary Men Gather in New York.

New York, March 31.—The simplified spelling board has sent out an announcement covering its sessions this week, in which announcement the only simplified speller is given for programme and Melville for Melville.

Members of the board already present are President David Starr Jordan, of Leeland Stanford University, and Judge W. W. Morrow, who will come all the way from California; E. Benjamin Andrews, chancellor of the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.; Melville Dewey, formerly director of the New York State Library; Isaac I. Funk, editor and publisher of the Standard Dictionary; Lyman J. Case, formerly Secretary of the Treasury; William T. Harris, formerly United States Commissioner of Education, editor of Webster's International Dictionary; Thomas B. Lounsbury, professor of English, Yale University.

President Roosevelt, who is a member of the board, will not be able to attend the session.

\$35,000 Fire at Barneshore.

Barneshore, Pa., March 31.—A fire to-day burned the big Arcade Rink, on Maple avenue, the Arcade poolroom and bowling alleys, the wholesale liquor store of H. G. Lammiman, together with the latter's dwelling and stables, a Chinese laundry, a restaurant, the McCarthy Hotel, and several residences. The total loss is estimated at \$35,000.

Ocean Steamships.

New York, March 31.—Arrived—Oltie, from Naples, March 30.

Sailed for foreign ports—Umbria, from Queens-town for New York; Potsdam, from Bologna for New York.

ALL BETTORS ALIKE

Rich Man and Poor Man Equals at Benning.

WOMEN MAKE MIND WAGERS

Abolition of "Commissioners" from Grand Stand Prevents Fair Sex Investing Their Money Unless Obliged to Escort Are at Hand—Bookies Busy as Ever, but Less Comfortable.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

So sang the wheels of the street car as it pounded and rattled over the track Saturday afternoon, bearing its swarm of strangely assorted humanity, bound for Benning and "The Races." Wedged in amid that indiscriminate throng, that clung to the car like wild bees upon a tree limb, the words of that old jingle of childhood rang incessantly in one's ears, rhythmic cadence to the beat of the wheels upon the rails.

"Rich man, poor man," here to the right and left sat these extremes, impersonated by a prosperous-looking, immaculately dressed man, giving every evidence of having had to take the street car through accident and not by choice or necessity, and a shabbily attired young fellow, apparently a lower grade government clerk or bookkeeper. One smoked a fragrant Havana, the other, an aromatic "cheroot." One read his sporting sheet casually and leisurely, the other glanced feverishly through the columns devoted to racing information, stopping occasionally to make a note with his pencil. Both were planning to stake their money on the races, but one was bent on an afternoon of pleasure, while to the other race-going was evidently a serious proposition, involving the possibilities of new spring clothes for self and perhaps wife and babies, or nonpayment of rent and eviction.

"Beggars Man or Thief?"

"Beggars man, thief." Why not these two ragged, dirty, forbidding-looking creatures, clinging to the side of the car and eagerly discussing the chances of Akbar in the first race.

"There's nuttin' to it," says one. "Look what he done de oder day. De dope oughter send 'im to de post de favoritist, but de pikers is goin' ter fall strong fer dat skidoo Panike (Panique), er der'll be er chanst ter get as good as 8 ter 1 on Akbar."

"He oughter to be a 'tousand ter one. Look who he's in wid," responds the other, disdainfully. "Outside of Panike der's Parkville, Buttons, an' Jack McKee. Any one er dem can run rings around dat dog Akbar. Me strong fer Parkville across de board an' back ag'in."

It is to be hoped for his sake that he went "strong" for Parkville. Those that did had no cause for complaint. "Doctor, lawyer." There they sat, both well-known practitioners of Washington, and discussing the "dope" as earnestly and professionally as either had ever anticipated a limb or pleaded a case at the bar of justice. Past performances were debated pro and con, and the chances of one horse after another taken up and disposed of, with dissertations now and then upon the recent wonderful record of Jockey and the suspicious, unexplained ride that such and such a horse received at the hands of Jockey—a few days since.

"Merchant, Chief," Also.

"Merchant, chief"—here were several of the first named species, varying their race gossip with a discussion of the stock market and trade conditions. To make the picture complete there were two chiefs of bureaus of government departments chatting together about the prospects of Black Demino, Ben Cole, Quadrille, or Campaigner, using the horses' names with an air of familiarity that betrayed more than a passing knowledge of the "sport of kings" and its many intricacies.

This then is the motley throng that alighted from car after car outside the great fenced park near the District line, and flowed in a steady stream along the boardwalk to clubhouse, paddock, grand stand, and field gates, and into the big enclosure. As they passed along the walk a horde of vociferous dispensers of the products of the fertile brains of professional tipsters besieged the racegoers.

"Here dey are, all de winners, picked for you by de great handicapper, get all for er dollar; get in line; get in line." Is the burden of the cry of these leather-lunged hawkers, whose wares are eagerly snapped up by the uninitiated, who actually believe that there is such a thing as correct advance information on the running of a horse race.

Inside the park the greatest crowd of the season swarmed over the lawn and stung the stands. As it drew on toward the opening event of the afternoon the male contingent left the stands and filled the grounds beneath where, marked by little whirlpools of humanity, stood the "dope-seed" and stool-less bookmakers plying their ancient art with as much vim, vigor, and success as of old, but under slightly more uncomfortable conditions.

Scurable to Bet.

Punching and squirming through the dense mass of excited, eager-eyed men, moved the commissioners from the society gathering at the clubhouse and the horse owners. From bookmaker to bookmaker they moved, searching for the best odds offered, and stopping to place their commissions from time to time. As of old, hard on the heels of these commissioners, especially those known to represent heavy bettors, followed a straggling line of small bettors, popularly styled "pikers," whose opinions as to the prospective winners is largely affected by the "play of the wise ones."

In the stands sat the women racegoers, eagerly discussing the coming events and making their choices according to the

many different varieties of "systems," or "hunches," in favor of the fair sex. Perhaps the owner's colors, corresponding with those of the dress or some portion of the apparel, is sufficient basis for a "hunch" to play that particular animal; perhaps the name of the horse is suggestive of success, through its similarity to friend or relative of the bettor, or perhaps the fair bettor is one of those experienced horsewomen who select their horses with as much thought and success as the men.

Through the law prohibiting "runners" or commissions of the bookmakers plying their trade in the stands as of old, those women who came to the track unescorted, or whose escorts have deserted them, in the exciting chase after quick riches, have no opportunity to place their money on P-d-r selections, and unless some K-I-J-r friend appears to act as amateur commissioner, they are forced to fall back upon making "mind bets."

Near, or Mind, Betting.

This mental process is as replete with excitement and thrills of real betting, and has the additional advantage of being much cheaper. The bettor merely selects a horse and imagines she has wagered a large sum upon its chances. If it wins she can summon up as much remorse over not having had a real bet up as though she had placed some money and lost it; if it loses, the relief at not having bet anything but imaginary sums has its equivalent only in the joy of having won a small wager involving real coin of the realm.

There were many mind bettors busy Saturday. One large, corpulent, middle-aged woman sat in the front row of the grand stand and without touching the contents of her pocketbook allowed her working herself into a fine frenzy over each spirited dash of the flying thoroughbreds. She was accompanied by a sympathetic friend, who evidently had never been to the track before. Just before the start of the first race, while the horses were forming at the barrier for the start, this mind bettor was heard to say:

"Oh, I shall just have to change my bet from Panique to Society Bud. You know I read in a paper this morning that Betty Fitzgerald had her coming-out party last night, and her mother is a great friend of mine. That's what I call a hunch. Let's see: I had \$100 on Panique at 8 to 5, that's \$190 to \$100. I'll take the \$100 and bet it all on Society Bud for second. That man who was just up here talking with that homely looking woman in that last season's hat, said Society Bud is 10 to 1 for second. That means if she runs second I would have won \$1,000 if I had really bet it. Do you understand?"

Tries to Comprehend.

Her companion seemed somewhat confused, but gradually it dawned on her, and she prepared to get quite as excited over the race as her experienced friend. Society Bud finished in about eighth place.

"There, you see," exclaimed Mrs. Mind Bettor, "I saved \$100 by not playing the race. Isn't it fun?"

Down on the lawn the few fortunate persons who wagered on Parkville were besieging the cashiers of the bookmakers for their winnings.

"What's yer hurry?" said one of these bookkeepers whose fingers had just peddled a large mass of bills of all denominations. "We ain't goin' ter skidoo. You'll get your money. Wait till dey take de numbers down."

The elated winner thus rudely bespoken for having expected somewhat anxious to receive his winnings, took the "call down" good-naturedly.

"I don't want to hurry you, but, pal, on the level, I had my last buck on that skate Parkville, and I want to cash and get home. Ben Cole in the next race," he explained.

Gives Money and Advice.

"All right, pardner," answered the mollified but still pompous handler of the long green bundle. "Here's yer coin; yer bet one each way, didn't yer? Well, here's yer thirty-one bucks. Parlay it on all de outsiders, an' if dey all cops you'll be a John D. Carnegie!" This latter bit of advice being intended as a bit of sarcasm, the chances of winning a parlay on "outsiders" or "long shots" being about 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 to 1 against.

Over by another bookmaker, gathering in several five-dollar bills, answered from his wager on the race just over, was a man who was chiefly remarkable because of the striking resemblance he bore to one of the prominent assistant United States district attorneys, whose chief was supposed to be instrumental in bringing about the law alleged to have been framed against the practice of betting. Several other prototypes of prominent District officials could be seen mingling with the bettors as though on business bent, and it was no optical illusion when a well-known detective from headquarters walked up to a "bookie" known as "Cap" and placed a modest wager on Billy Hibbs in the second race.

But there is no "knocking." Horse racing for the "improvement of the breed of thoroughbreds" is a fine theory, but the gentle public has as yet shown no desire to pay money merely to watch the horses run around the oval.

CHICK STAHL LAID TO REST.

Services Conducted by Eagles and Elks—Procession Mile Long.

Port Wayne, March 31.—Chick Stahl, former manager of the Boston Americans, who committed suicide, was laid to rest this afternoon in Lindenwood Cemetery, the Elks and the Eagles having charge of the funeral. Ritualistic services were held at the home of the dead man's mother, conducted by the two lodges.

In the absence of a clergyman, former Congressman James M. Robinson delivered a eulogy at the grave. The lot at the cemetery was literally covered with flowers from friends.

The street leading to the cemetery was lined with people on both sides. The funeral procession was more than a mile long.

President Carson, of the Central League; Boston American and National teams, President Johnson and Secretary McRoy, of the American League; John I. Taylor, of Boston; the Cincinnati Reds, Chicago White Sox, Washington Americans, and hundreds of intimate friends in Northern Indiana sent floral offerings.

BRAVE DEED OF VOLUNTEER.

Civilian Does a Great Service in Battle to the Iron Duke.

From the London Standard.
It is not always the information carried by the recognized aid-de-camp to and from the commanding officer in battle which is of highest value. There was a supreme moment during the battle of Waterloo when the Duke of Wellington was left absolutely alone—and that not when he was running the risk of capture by selling through the enemy's lines. It simply meant that every galloper had gone his way, each with his message.

At this moment a stranger rode up to the duke and quietly asked: "Can I be of any use, sir?" The duke took one glance at him and unhesitatingly answered: "Yes, take this pencil note to the commanding officer," pointing to a regiment in the heat of battle. The stranger took the note and galloped away with it, through the thick of the fight. He delivered it, but what happened to him no man knows. The duke always declared that to be one of the most gallant deeds that had ever come under his notice. It was done without prospect of acknowledgment or reward, and

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PISTOL STOPS FESTIVITIES

Woman Killed by Cousin While Husband Goes After Guests.

Party Arrives to Find Young Wife Dead and Infatuated Relative Dying at Hospital.

New York, March 31.—There was to have been a merry time to-day in the home of Francesco Montforto, on the top floor of the big tenement at 431 West Forty-sixth street. Beside the festivities attending the Easter celebration, his two sisters and two brothers, whom he had not seen since he left Sicily years ago, were at Ellis Island and were to join him.

His pretty wife, Felice, twenty years old a week ago, made elaborate preparations for the home-coming, and all Saturday night she was busy decorating the rooms with flowers and palms and cooking for the morrow.

Bright and early to-day, Francesco kissed Felice and their three-year-old son and started for Ellis Island. His cousin, Joseph Gravagna, entered the house immediately after Francesco left, walked over to the side of Francesco's wife, threw his arms around her and told her she must love him. She replied she loved him only as a cousin. Then Joseph drew a revolver and fired three shots at Felice, killing her. She fell dead in a neighbor's apartment, just across the hall. Joseph then turned the revolver on himself and fired a shot into his right ear. He died later in Roosevelt Hospital.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Surety Bonds and Liability Insurance.

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OFFICE OF THE LANTSON MONOTYPE Machine Company, 1231 Callovill street, Philadelphia, Pa., March 25, 1907.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the LANTSON MONOTYPE MACHINE COMPANY will be held at the Hotel Fletcher, Alexandria, Va., at 12 o'clock noon, THURSDAY, the 11th day of April, 1907, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and transacting such other business as may properly come before it. Transfer books will be closed on the 1st day of April at 4 o'clock p. m., and will be opened on April 16, at 10 o'clock a. m. By order of the Board of Directors, WILHELM H. NICKROFT, Secretary.

Special Meeting of the Journeymen Plasterers' Association, Monday, April 2, Business of importance. By order of the association, M. E. GRIFFIN, President.

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